CADMUS.

Quick, then, our chariots to the mountain road.

TEIRESIAS.

Nay 5 to take steeds were to mistrust the God.

CADMUS.

So be it. Mine old arm shall guide thee there.

TEIRESIAS.

The God himself shall guide 1 Have thou no care,

CADMUS,

And in all Thebes shall no man dance but we ?

TEIRESIAS.

Aye, Thebes is blinded. Thou and I can see*

CADMUS.

'Tis weary waiting ; hold my hand, friend ; so*

TEIRESIAS.

Loj there is mine. So linked let us go.

CADMUS.

Shall things of dust the Gods* dark ways despise ?

TEIRESIAS.

Or prove our wit on Heaven's high mysteries f
Not thou and 11 That heritage sublime
Our sires have left us, wisdom old as time,
No word of man, how deep soc'er his thought
And won of subtlest toil, may bring to naught